

CROKER'S COSTLY FEAST.

JEFFERSONIAN SIMPLICITY HONORED IN THE BREACH

ACCIDENT TO THE LIGHTS FORMS A REBUKE TO THE OSTENTATION OF THE OCCASION—GRUMBLING ABOUT LACK OF FOOD AND DRINK.

SOUL AND DREAMS SPEECHES.

Looking at it from a numerical point of view Richard Croker's ten-dollar feast in the Metropolitan Opera House last night was a distinct success. Looking at it from any other point of view it was a distinct failure. It was a failure incidental to the dinner, for the dinner came first. The standard that the dinner came up to was the standard that one was led to expect from the advance notices which for weeks have emanated from the Democratic Club.

It may be said at the very outset that not one-third of the thousands or more people who gave up \$10 for the privilege of a seat at one of the many rows of tables set out over the floor of the Opera House last night got the value for their money. Those who sat on the "O. F." side of the house, the side nearest the kitchen, probably got a taste of every course, but the guests who were assigned to tables on the further side and at the back of the stage, did not taste one-half

the delectation of the Tammany palates. It was observable that while spring lamb was being served to the tables fortunate enough to be situated near the kitchen, the diners on the further side of the building were having served to them clear green turtle soup.

THE SOUP SMOKED.

It is conceivable, however, that a simultaneous serving of over a thousand people is impossible. The guests who were partaking of soup while their fellows at the opposite side of the auditorium were eating spring lamb would have raised no grumble if the soup had not been served, smoked as to make its swallowing even

These were shortcomings, however, that were anticipated and inevitable at a dinner composed of so many people. They were details that would have been accepted without a murmur, but for one circumstance. For some days it had been announced that three thousand quart bottles of champagne had been laid in store—a sufficient quantity to allow about three bottles for each guest. The proportion actually enjoyed was instead one bottle to three guests.

and that is taking a liberal estimate of the supply. What became of the other two thousand bottles was a mystery impossible of elucidation so far as the "wine captains" were able to tell. "Where's the wine?" the captains were so frequently asked that they became wearied in saying that it had been all distributed. Whether some of the more favored diners drank more than their share of the stock may be a matter of conjecture, but it is certain that if M. Crokes will appoint a sort of Mazet Investigation Committee to inquire into the champagne supply of last night, he may succeed in unearthing the whereabouts of at least two thousand bottles of "dzz."

However, it is no part of a description of what will come to be looked upon as the historic 1810

lunger, to give heed to the murmurings of the dinner, who gave up what to many of them represented a goodly part of their week's salary to dine in the same atmosphere with Tammany's King, and then anathematized him because they didn't get the full worth of their money in wine and food. It may be said that whatever was wanting in this direction was made up for in the general surroundings of the dinner, in the elaborate floral decorations and in

The Illuminatus that flooded the place in a blaze of light. One of the illuminating effects was an inscription placed at the back of the stage, pencilled in electric lights, reading "Jefferson, 1743-1826, Democratic Club."

AN HISTORIC PARALLEL

The Tribune a few days ago likened this glorification of Richard Croker while the legislative committee was on Tammany's trail to the Biblical dinner of Belshazzar. While the incidents of that old-time banquet were not repeated last night, something happened that seemed singularly peculiar when it is remembered how greatly Jefferson's disposition was opposed to such ostentatious displays as that

ingested by RICHARD CROKER last night. The dinner, it must be remembered, was in honor of Jefferson's birthday, hence the illuminations that shone from the back of the stage. "But as a matter of fact Richard Croker had not been in his seat more than ten minutes when the two final lighted letters to the word "Democratic" and the entire word "club" went out, leaving the electric legend to read, "Jefferson, 1743-1826, Democrat." It was some time

before the significance of the imperfection in the illuminated lettering was noticed, and then there was a scurrying to the back of the stage on the part of some of the committee in search of the electricians of the opera house. It was not until about an hour later, however, that a workman with the aid of a ladder succeeded in restoring the pristine effect of the electric sign.

AT THE GUESTS' TABLE.

Thirty-four tables were arranged for the

commodation of the guests. The table of honor, where the big luminaries were seated, was placed transversely across the floor directly under the proscenium arch. The stalls were boarded over with flooring on a level with the

stage, and this space contained sixteen long tables running at right angles to the table of honor. Upon the stage were placed a like number of tables. According to the arrangements every owner of a ten-dollar ticket was to be assigned to a reserved seat. But the doors had not been opened ten minutes before method

It availed a late guest nothing if, after finding his location on the printed diagram, he endeavored politely to oust the occupant whom he

discovered in his seat. "Some other feller's got my seat, and I'm goin' to stick to what I got." was about the only satisfaction the late arrival obtained.

BETTER LUCK AT GUESTS' TABLE.

This summary procedure of appropriating seats did not apply, however, to the two

ables whereas were seated the guests of honor. At these two tables, at the first of which Perry Belmont, the president of the dinner, sat, and at the other, immediately in front, where Richard Croker, with ex-Senator Edward Murphy and John F. Carroll, on either side of him, was the central figure, there were Judge George P. An-

ews, Judge Henry W. Bookstaver, Bridge
Commissioner James W. Boyle, Buildings
Commissioner Thomas J. Brady, Anthony
J. Brady, Arthur Brisbane, ex-Mayor Al-
fred C. Chapin, of Brooklyn; Parke President
George C. Clausen, William J. Connor, Thomas
J. Conway, Borough President James J. Co-